Volume LXXV CHICAGO, JULY 15, 1915 Number 20

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Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

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For prices and particulars address Miss Mary Lackersteen, Secretary, Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1915. NUMBER 20

THE REAL GERMANY

BISMARCK—or rapt Beethoven with his dreams:
Ah, which was blind? Or which bespoke his race?—
That breed which nurtured Heine's haunting grace,
And Goethe, mastering Olympic themes
Of meditation, Mozart's golden gleams,
And Leibnitz charting realms of time and space,
Great-hearted Schiller, and that fairy brace
Of brothers who first trailed the goblin streams.

Bismarck for these builded an iron tomb,
And changed the door, and turned a kaiser's key;
And simple folk, that once danced merrily
Their May-ring rites, march now in roaring gloom
Toward that renascent dawn when the black womb
Of buried guns gives birth to Germany.

—*Percy Mackaye.*

The Present Hour, The Macmillan Company.

THANK YOU FRIENDS!

The undersigned are driven to this inadequate means of acknowledging the receipt of unmeasured kindnesses, cordial congratulations and greetings from friends scattered from ocean to ocean.

We are touched beyond telling by this evidence of far-reaching fellowship.

Our common tasks have grown more binding and will, we trust, be performed with greater efficiency by this union.

Lovingly yours,

Edith Lloyd Jones
Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Tower Hill, Wisconsin
July 12, 1915

The First Baptist Church of Poughkeepsie, New York is making practical use of moving pictures. In one month, according to *Religious Education* for June, it offered no less than ten entertainments, including such topics as "From Molten Steel to Automobile," "The History of Napoleon," "Jephtha's Daughter, a Bible Story," "Under the Roof of the World," "The Glories of India," "The Sunset Gem," a Decoration Day Sunday exposition; "The Star Spangled Banner," a Sunday and flag day exposition; "A Safe and Sane Fourth," etc., etc. Now that the non-inflammable film is here, or almost here, and some of the forbidding precautions are removed, churches and schools ought to hasten to relieve themselves of the great reproach that this, one of the most brilliant scientific achievements of the twentieth century, should as yet be largely monopolized by those who cater to the vulgar, prurient or at best idle tastes of children and childish men and women.

It is not too late to call attention to the June number of *Religious Education,* the monthly journal of the association that bears that name, of which Henry F. Cope is general secretary, and the office of which is at 332 South Michigan Avenue. This number contains suggestive articles on the "Rights of the Child in the Community," by Walter Rauchenbusch; "The Rights of the Child to Education," by Professor Gardner of the Southern Baptist Theological School and Rabbi Berkowitz of Philadelphia; on "Organizing a Church for Religious Education," by Rev. E. Rosmond Stanford of the First Methodist Church of Fort Worth, Texas, and much other valuable pedagogical material. This very important association is preparing to hold its International Congress in connection with the Panama Exposition, August 27th to 29th, with a startling, we will not say formidable, array of academic speakers. No less than eight college presidents are announced, besides professors many. The results of their deliberations will be worthy of study.

If ever a principle was observed in the letter and broken in the spirit, the boasted neutrality of the United States is open to such a suspicion at the present time. There are gruesome stories of whole trainloads of ammunition being quietly shipped into Canada, of contracts mounting to millions being given to the shops scattered through the peaceful towns of Wisconsin and elsewhere for the manufacture of armored automobiles, auto trucks, shrapnel, guns and other direct munitions of war, all under the protection and justification of the international code which does not prohibit the dealing in such contraband articles by private individuals. If this wholesale profiting by this infamous war was defended on the score of anti-German feeling and pro-Allies sympathies it would not be so damnable, for there then would be a conscience element in it. But the present "industry" makes no pretense other than the good business—the prosperity it brings; hence the greater shame and the deeper humiliation. Tolstoy dreamed of a time when war would be impossible because the individual conscience would become so keen that men would be

willing to stand up to be shot rather than to shoot at a fellow mortal. War would become impossible because men would become too enlightened to enlist, too heroic to kill. Did he reckon on that baser cupidity that men would sustain war for profit, multi-so much per head? Compared with this commercial depravity the "mercenaries" who hired out for war ply the instruments of death for wages, kill men at and the "soldiers of fortune" who offered themselves to the highest bidder of the middle ages were honorable.

An Anti-Tobacco Convention

For the first time in the history of expositions there is to be a day devoted to the consideration of the tobacco question at San Francisco. The Non-Smokers' Protective League of America is to hold its first annual convention in the Exposition Auditorium Hall on July 16th and 17th. This organization, whose headquarters are in New York City, and of which Charles G. Pease, M. D., is president, is devoted to the enforcement of laws, ordinances and rules prohibiting tobacco smoking in public and semi-public places, and seeks the enactment of additional laws looking toward this end. Mr. H. K. Bassett, assistant director of congresses, will give the address of welcome. President Pease will respond with an address on the "Poisonous Character of Tobacco Smoke, the Difficulties in the Way of Legislation and the Need of Public Interest." Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of pure food fame will speak on "The Rights of the Non-Smoker." Professor Wilder of Cornell will have a communication on "Smoking on the College Campus." Twyman Abbott, Esq., of the New York bar will discuss "The Personal Liberty of the Tobacco Smoker." Mrs. E. B. Ingalls of the Department of Anti-Narcotics of the W. C. T. U. will discuss "Our Assets." Professor William A. McKeever, Professor of Child Welfare of the University of Kansas, will discuss "Nicotine as Related to Social and Economic Progress." George A. Rutherford of the New Jersey Sanitarium for Tuberculosis diseases, is to discuss "The Effect of Tobacco and Tobacco Smoke Upon Tuberculous Convalescents." Herbert H. Tidswell of London, author of "The Tobacco Habit," is to discuss "The Causes of Cancer," a challenge to cancer research workers. Professor David Starr Jordan will offer "Three Counts Against Tobacco." Professor Frederick W. Roman, head of the Department of Economics, Syracuse University, will discuss "Tobacco and the Clergy." Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor of UNITY, "Tobacco from the Ethical Standpoint," and Palmer H. Langdon of New York City will discuss "The Fire and Land Danger from the Tobacco Habit." It is expected that those who are unable to be present in person will send their contributions to be read by some of the officers of the convention.

We are well aware that to many this program annonunced at the present time will seem like "fiddling while Rome is burning." Others may dispose of it, as "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel," and still in the last analysis great public issues and international problems hinge on individual integrity, and the spiritual potencies connected therewith. There are no "minor morals," and certainly this great and growing offense to private and public health, prosperity and purity has a right to be considered in a great world convention such as is being held this summer in San Francisco. The neat eight-page program before us carries the following five resolutions which it is proposed to offer to the convention, and in so much as the Editor of UNITY cannot be there in person, he exercises the editorial right of voting "aye" in these columns when the question of adoption is proposed:

(1) *Resolved,* That each clergyman and religious and educational teacher hereby is requested to deliver at least one sermon or make one address each year in support of the work of this organization and the abolition of the tobacco evil.

(2) *Resolved,* That this Convention strongly urges the establishment of the third Sunday in April of each year as "Anti-Tobacco Sunday," as a means of creating and influencing public sentiment and opinion against the use of tobacco, especially in public places, in the interest of the health, comfort and welfare of the people of the world.

(3) *Resolved,* That it is the sense of this Convention that the President of the United States of America should prohibit and he is hereby requested to prohibit tobacco smoking in all governmental offices.

(4) It being an established scientific fact that tobacco and tobacco smoke are destructive of animal life and detrimental to the moral, mental and physical welfare of the human race, and against the highest interests of the people, it is *Resolved,* That it is the sense of this Convention that the cultivation and sale of tobacco be prohibited by law; and be it further *Resolved* that we, in Convention assembled, do hereby call upon Boards of Health and all legislative bodies, both national and State, to enact and enforce laws prohibiting the cultivation and sale of tobacco.

(5) *Resolved,* That tobacco smoking be prohibited by law, in private and public places, where others are compelled to inhale the atmosphere thus polluted.

"The Sorrows of Belgium"

Is it true that war stimulates the poets more than peace? This is an oft-repeated claim, which, on general principles, we are inclined to disbelieve. A wide study of literature by a mind unpoisoned by militancy would, we believe, reveal the very opposite to be true.

There is a truth in the old Biblical saying, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting;" pain sub-soils the heart as pleasure cannot, and the gruesome side of war, particularly the pathos of defeat, drives the soul back of things visible into the realms of things eternal. But on the other hand, the soul, like the body, can only suffer to a certain shallow depth, after which nature benignly

deadens the nerves and brings on insensibility, and the limit of pain brings also the limit of creation.

During our own Gethsemane period of '61 to '65 our great singers were largely silenced. Whittier sang the song of the enslaved in broken measures. At the close, Lowell rose to his Commemoration Ode and Emerson sang his Boston Hymn for the Emancipation Day, but in the main the muse folded her wings and was silent. Perhaps the greater suffering, the deeper humiliation, and the home devastations, stimulated the muse of the South more effectively. We have been in the habit of saying that "The War Poetry of the South" is richer and relatively more voluminous than the War Poetry of the North.

Be this as it may, we are waiting anxiously for the inspiration of the muse to reveal to us some silver lining to this horrible cloud of European war. We are waiting to see whether spiritually there are some compensations to the gruesome wickedness of war.

UNITY is in search of War Poetry "severely selected," that will somehow soften, if not interpret, the terrible experience.

In this line comes from the MacMillan Press a play in Six Scenes, by the comparatively young, and, to American readers, at least, new Russian poet, Leonid Andreyev. "The Sorrows of Belgium" have indeed touched the heart of this countryman of Tolstoi and Veristchagen, and even through the translation of Herman Bernstein grips the heart with tremendous power. It is true to life as well as a stroke of genius that this drama should gather round the home as well as the heart of Belgium's greatest poet-philosopher, Maetterlinck, and that the pathetic king should flit through the drama. We cannot say that the poet has adequately revealed the torture of body and mind that belongs to such a man as Maetterlinck at such a time, because it is beyond the power of genius to interpret such; but he has presented us a vivid, living picture which suggests it more effectively than any of the dispatches or letters of reporters in the daily papers.

Here, also, the poet enables us to grip the Belgium that is still alive. Pierre, the son of Emil Grelieu (behind which name the poet Maetterlinck masks), says:

"They have already robbed us. They have deprived us of our land and of the air; they have destroyed our treasures which have been created by the genius of our people, and now we would cast our best men into their jaws! What does that mean? What will remain of us? Let them kill us all, let our land be turned into a waste desert, let all living things be burned to death, but as long as he lives, Belgium is alive! What is Belgium without him?"

Later along Count Clairmont, who may well stand for the king, comes to the poet whom he calls "the conscience of the people," to ask his consent to break the dams which will bring the climax of physical calamity to the realm. He says:

"Blinded by the war, we may unwillingly unwittingly, altogether against our will, violate man-made laws. Let your noble heart tell us the truth. My friends! We are driven to despair, we have no Belgium any longer, it is trampled by our enemies, but in your breast, Emil Grelieu, the heart of all Belgium is beating—and your answer will be the answer of our tormented, blood-stained, unfortunate land!"

While this gifted Russian turns his vison upon Belgium, the poet justifies himself and he anticipates history in his revelation of the awful calamity, but when, in Scene V, he undertakes to lift the curtain upon the German camp and tries to portray the spirit and soul there prevailing, even his genius fails him. He can interpret the miseries of his friends, but fails to do adequate justice to the inspirations of his foes, for inspirations they must have.

Blumenfeld, the German official, suggests well the high achievement of the German army when he speaks of the commander as having

"A German philosophical mind which manages guns as Leibnitz manages ideas. Everything is preconceived, everything is prearranged, the movement of our millions of people has been elaborated into such a remarkable system that Kant himself would have been proud of it. Gentlemen, we are led forward by indomitable logic and by an iron will. We are inexorable as Fate."

But not even the German strategist could be guilty of de-humanizing himself enough to represent his General as saying:

"I sleep very little myself, and advise you, gentlemen, not to indulge in foolish sleep. Nonsense! organism—that is something invented by the doctors who are looking for practice among the fools. I know of no organism. I know only my desires and my will, which says: 'Gerhardt, do this! Gerhardt, go there! Gerhardt, take this!' and I take it!"

Space forbids further analysis of this most striking and perhaps, this far, most dramatic poetry of this war.

We must add a word further in the way of introduction to this one more Russian of the household of Tolstoy. "Anathema," "The Seven Who Were Hanged," "The Life of Man," and "Red Laughter" are mentioned in Bernstein's introduction as works which have already attracted universal attention, and we are told that his deep sympathy with "the oppressed and weaker nationalities," naturally prepared him for this task of interpreting the sorrows of Belgium. He feels keenly the shame of Russia in its Jewish policies. If in this drama he has spoken of "German barbarians," with equal candor he has spoken of "Russian barbarians" in his treatise on the "Tragedies of the Jews." He speaks of the Russian treatment of the Jew as something monstrous, like a hunch on his own back, always with him, disturbing his sleep at night and his waking hours, filling him with a sensation of confusion and shame. He says:

"It is necessary for all to understand that the end of Jewish sufferings is the beginning of our self-respect, without which Russia cannot live. The dark days of the war will pass and the 'German Barbarians' of today will once more become cultured Germans, whose voice will again be heard throughout the land. And it is essential that neither their voice nor any other voice should call us loudly 'Russian Barbarians!'"

We cannot conclude this too inadequate notice of this notable contribution to war poetry without asking again for the poets who can interpret the glory of all the nations involved, as Mrs. Cone has done for England in her notable "Chant," first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February last and reprinted in a recent issue of UNITY.

Percy Mackaye has begun the task for Germany in the sonnet which we print elsewhere, entitled "The Real Germany." But this is inadequate, and we pass it back to him that he may make room for Luther and Kant, Lessing and Beethoven, Von Humboldt and all the rest of them. When the glory of France and Russia and Hungary, Italy, Poland and Bohemia are adequately chanted, then let the poet-laureate of them all give us the International Chant that will blend them all into one great pæan of praise of the humanity that is slowly finding itself.

PIETA: A HOMAGE TO BELGIUM

I

You men of Antwerp, who have lifted down
Once more from His high cross, the Crucified,
And from the hands and feet, and piercéd side
Wiped your own blood, above that anguished crown;
There by the belfry tower that glorified
The upward gaze of Flanders and Brabant;—
Men of Namur, Liège, unconquered Ghent
And leafy fair Ardennes;—
Is it with you again,
As with those far Judæan brother-men
Who saw their glory, and the living Word
Of all men's longing slain, and sepulchered?—
His Body left alone,
Unto His own;
And their despair, wherewith to seal the stone.
And are your words the broken words they had
As once they walked together and were sad,
Along the smouldering desolated ways?
"Now is it many days
Since all these things were done
Before the Sun.
And lo, the Very God that gave us breath
Is scourged and put to death."

Brothers, it is not true.
By all new born Compassion, now we know
The Lord is risen indeed; and walks with you,
Though your worn eyes are holden;—yes,
Through all the wilderness
Through the black desert there,
The waste of rankling embers, where They go,
As snowflakes on the air,
Unknowing whither, and unknowing whence.
The wingless Innocents,
The little children. And, of all that mourn!
Mothers of trampled sons,
Perishing, outcast ones,
The Women, Women, broken, bruised and spent
Dragging a blinded flight to banishment,
Faint, with the weight of woe in men unborn!
Homeless—and guiltless; west, and west, and north,
Whither the lords of Famine drive them forth,
Along the awful footprints trodden red;—
But shepherded
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

Heroes, He walks with these—
The Refugees.
Heroes, He walks with you,
Your widening realm made new,
Your kingdom vaster now, than ever then;
Your world-wide empire in the souls of men.

II

And you, New World?—
Now that the lightning blast
Of tangled hates has left your heart aghast,
What is your answering deed
To men in need?
The Eyes, that once their startled eyes could see
Through the blue morning mist of Gallilee,
Are on you now, with their one *"Lov'st thou me?"* . . .
And with the cry of light that follows death,
"Thou knowest that we love Thee!" sobs all breath.
And—*"Feed my lambs"*—He saith.
Ah, by that word to keep
By all the sharpness of their more-than-death,
"With nothing left them but their eyes, to weep"—
Shall we not feed His sheep?

III

Now, with the cold, draws near the Holy Time
When there shall sound no chime
From towers that look alone
On glories overthrown.
There shall no tongue of bell
Proclaim Emmanuel!
To mock with homage thus
Our tortured God-with-us.

Far on the Syrian plains, the shepherds there
May pipe to moonlit air
While tidings of the Hope of all men's dream,
Men yet blaspheme.
O New World, do not mock
The desolation of this perishing flock
With chime or festival,
While shames and sorrows call
Above the wind, the scourging, bitter wind
For these that never sinned;
Save that they held the unconquerable gate
Of human Hope, against the hordes of Hate.
Look on that Mother-Country, face to face—
Stricken that men might Live.
And to that ruined manger-place,
Gather, and gather;—GIVE!—
O fair-of-fortune—hope and humbleness,
Gather and garner;—bless
Your lowly offerings
Of precious things.
Open your treasures forth for her;
Your gold, your frankincense, and myrrh.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

(*Read at the Mass Meeting of the Belgian Relief Fund.*)

THINGS TO FORGET.

(ALWAYS IN SEASON.)

If you see a big fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend
(We all have such spots concealed world without end),
Whose touching his heart-strings would play on and rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grieving would mend,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that would darken the joy
Of a man or woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing, just the least little thing,
Whose telling would cork up the laugh or the grin
Of the man you don't like; for the Lord's sake, keep it in.
Don't, don't be a knocker; right here stick a pin,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—*J. M. Lewis in Pioneer.*

The International Eisteddvod of the Panama Exposition

The Board of Directors of the Panama Exposition, and the Board of Directors of the International Eisteddvod of the Kymric people, are more than grateful to the Editor of UNITY for the privilege of having this article appear in its columns. President Charles E. Moore of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, and President E. D. Roberts of the International Eisteddvod are among the most zealous workers for the success of the "Welsh Festival Week."

This Eisteddvod will be held July 27-30, 1915, in the magnificent Auditorium, Civic Center, of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, and every literary and musical contest is open to the essayists, poets, elocutionists and choirs of all other nationalities. In all probability it will be the most truly international competitive of all festivals of the kind. It is to be held under the auspices of the California National Kymrodorion Society, and is officially sanctioned by the President and Board of Directors of the exposition, who have and are extending every courtesy and assistance to the directors of the Eisteddvod, including the guarantee that all awarded prizes shall be paid.

During the last two years the general secretary, Mr. William Solomon Jones, and the executive committee have succeeded in making the national festival of 1915 known to Kymric people of four continents, Great Britain, America, Australia and Africa. Already Welsh, American, German, Italian, Norwegian and Swedish choral societies have registered to enter the different contests

At the 1904 St. Louis Exposition Eisteddvod of choral contests only, real American choirs from Evanston and Ravenswood, Ill., from Dubuque, Iowa, from Denver, Colo., besides the Welsh-American Scranton (Pa.) choir, appeared and made a superb exhibition of choral excellence.

The secret of that choral success was due to the splendid way in which the publicity committee did its work. And now the same tide of Eisteddvodic enthusiasm that made former great festivals famous, rising weekly higher and higher, will soon sweep along toward the Pacific Coast from all directions—from east, north, south, and from the far western colonies of Kymric people in Japan and China. All the enthusiasm that the patriotic bugle call "See America First" has stirred in the hearts of the people at large will contribute to the success of the Panama Exposition and its "International Eisteddvod."

To state that mixed choirs, choirs of men, choirs of women, bands and orchestras are already organized in many parts of the States and Canada, and are rehearsing the test pieces, is proof that the 1915, greatest of all Eisteddvodau, will be one vast flood of musical success.

The following gentlemen constitute the Eisteddvod Board of Directors: *President,* E. D. Roberts (State Treasurer of California), Sacramento; *Vice-President,* Edward Thomas, San Francisco; *General Secretary,* W. Solomon Jones, Oakland; *Directors of Finance,* W. R. Williams (State Superintendent of Banks), San Francisco; *Treasurer,* Thomas A. Williams (State Harbor Commissioner), San Francisco; *Financial Secretary,* Hugh J. Lloyd, San Francisco; *Director of Music,* J. J. Morris, Palo, Alto; *Attorney and Counselor,* Rees P. Daniels.

The absorbing and crucial question with all the choirs has been "Who are the gentlemen selected as Board of Judges?" About a month ago the directors solved this ticklish and dangerous question in a very satisfactory way. Secretary Jones reports that he has been flooded with letters of congratulation for the directors because of their tact and wisdom in selecting judges to whom no sensible musician nor choral conductor could object. The five judges are musicians of high standing and of excellent reputation. Their names are set down as follows: Ernest R. Kroeger, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman; E. D. Lloyd (R. A. M., London), South Bend, Ind.; Henry Houseley, Denver, Colo.; David Davis, Cincinnati, Ohio; Redfern Mason, San Francisco, Cal. A brief word concerning each:

Ernest R. Kroeger was born at St. Louis and has constantly resided in that city. His instructors in piano playing were his father, Egmont Troehlich, Waldemar Malmene, W. Goldner and P. G. Anton. At twenty-three he entered upon his carreer as a musician; since then he has been prominently before the public as pianist, organist, conductor and composer. For his service as Master of Programs at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, the French Government elected him as officer in the Academy.

E. D. Lloyd is a son of musical Wales, and only recently came to reside in the United States. His experience and success as organist, choirmaster, instructor in voice, piano, organ harmony, composition and as adjudicator at Eisteddvodau, is well known in Great Britain. His reputation preceded him to the United States. In a short time after his arrival he was engaged as organist and choirmaster at the First M. E. Church, South Bend, Ind. It was a compliment well placed to appoint hime one of the five judges at the International Eisteddvod. Doubtless many such honors will be paid him in this, his adopted land.

David Davis, the Cincinnati tenor, instructor in voice, harmony and composition, and well known musical critic, is a native of a most charming spot in Cardiganshire, South Wales, not far from another charming spot where Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago was born. Cardiganshire has produced a very large number of prominent and learned preachers, poets, musicians, scientists and scholars in many special directions. Mr. Davis is a pupil who studied singing, harmony and composition under the late and lamented foremost musician of Wales, Dr. Joseph Parry, at the Aberystwyth University of Wales. He has appeared at some of the leading Eisteddvodau in this country, where his critical remarks have always been characterized as being clear, convincing, uplifting, sympathetic and instructive—all in perfect keeping with his character as musician and gentleman.

Henry Houseley is a native of Ashford, Nottinghamshire, England. He came to America in 1888, has resided "exclusively in Denver ever since," and, who can estimate the worth of his artistic work in music as organist, pianist and conductor from 1888 to the present time, not only in Denver but through students who have come to him for instruction and inspiration. Mr. Houseley is a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists (F. R. C. O.). He is director of the Apollo Club of Denver and organist of St. John's Cathedral

and Temple Emanuel. It was Mr. Houseley that trained and conducted the chorus of sixty selected voices in the "second grade" contest at St. Louis in 1904, which won the first prize of $3,000.

Redfern Mason is a musician who sat at the feet of the late musical Gamaliel, Dr. George A. Macfarren, president of the Royal Academy of Music, London. He is a Cambridge man and the author of "The Song Lore of Ireland," "Musical Cameos," and a lecturer on musical subjects. Articles from his pen have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and similar magazines. Mr. Mason is the musical critic of the San Francisco *Examiner*.

Local pride is reason enough for calling special attention to the fact that Chicago's Hadyn Choral Society, under the direction of H. W. Owens, Mus. Bac., have organized especially to enter the contest at the Exposition International Eisteddvod, for the $10,000 prize. The indomitable director has proven the high quality of his mettle several times in the leading choral contests in the United States by carrying away the first prizes, and when his choir wins but the second choral prize, he proves himself a manly and honorable loser. It is but fair to state that he possesses the power of carrying along with him the members of his choir without any defections, and that he possesses, also, the gift of music interpretation to an uncommon degree. No preparatory training of his choir for the San Francisco Eisteddvod could be better, or wiser, than the performing in public of Sir Edward Elgar's "King Olaf" and Haydn's "Creation," etc.

It is creditable to some of Chicago's prominent citizens that they are interesting themselves in this purpose and activity of the Haydn Choral Society, not only sociably, but financially.

It is the only Chicago society of mixed voices that will represent Chicago at the exposition and at the Eisteddvod. The executive committee has elected the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. and the Union Pacific R. R. to take the society to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, where it is to perform Haydn's "Creation." They appeal to the civic pride of our leading citizens to assist them to bear the expenses of the trip.

The readers of UNITY will be pleased to learn that the program of the Essay subjects, etc., contains the following items:

ESSAY (No. 9) In Welsh or English—"The Problem of the Unemployed." Prize, $250. Adjudicators: Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, LL.D., Chicago, and Rev. H. O. Rowlands, D. D., Omaha, Neb.

ESSAY (No. 7) In Welsh or English—"The Eisteddvod in America: Historical and Critical." Prize, $250. Adjudicators: Hon. Arthur L. Thomas (ex-Governor) of Salt Lake City and William Apmadoc, Chicago.

PASTORAL POEM (In Welsh)—Subject: "The Shepherd of Eryri." Prize, $100. Adjudicators: Rev. O. G. Owen (Alcevon), M. A., Wales, and William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM APMADOC.

There is a certain sweetness and elegance in "little deeds of kindness" and in letting our best impulses have free play on common occasions.

Charles G. Ames.

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

V.

Luke The Historian

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Delivered December 13, 1914, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Help us Father, this morning, to realize the unseen forces, to believe in things that cannot be weighed and measured. Help us to feel the tides of life that, unheralded and unrecorded, have come down through the ages, enriching our minds, and clarifying our hearts. Help us to give thanks for the unrecorded heroes, those whose words and works are unknown by name. May we take to heart their lessons, that we may give ourselves to high service regardless of record or reward, never doubting but that in the economy of thy universe every good deed and every good impulse is conserved for the ennobling of life and the beautifying of the world. Amen.

SERMON.

We come this morning to our fifth study of "The Men of the New Testament," this being "Luke the Historian."

Luke is a shadowy and undefined personality, so far as the record is concerned. His name appears only three times in the whole New Testament, and each time simply incidentally named with other coworkers with Paul. In the fourteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Colossians Paul says, "Luke, the beloved physician, and Demas salute you." In the eleventh verse of the fourth chapter of II. Timothy he says, "Only Luke is with me. Take Mark and bring him with thee, for he is useful to me for ministering." And in the little footnote to the letter to the Colossians, Philemon, he says: "Epaphras my fellow-prisoner in Christ Jesus, saluteth thee; and so do Mark, Aristarchus, Demas, Luke, my fellow-workers." This is all the New Testament says about him. And still he, or another man whose name he wears, made a profound contribution to the new movement.

By the process of careful elimination of the early Fathers, reinforced by modern criticism, of all the names mentioned in collaboration with Paul, Luke is, more probably, the author of the third Gospel and the Book of Acts. By this process of elimination and analysis we come to the conclusion that the Gospel of Luke and the Book of Acts are written by one man, they are ascribed to the same pen. About the author of the Book of Acts we know nothing except that the two books are ascribed to one man. By putting two and two together we infer that this man was a Greek and not a Hebrew. We have Paul's word for Luke that he was a "good physician." We have ample evidence in these works which are assigned to him, but which he never claimed, that he was a scholar, controlling the Greek language as perhaps no other writer in the New Testament did; that he was almost, to use a modern phrase, a "man of science." Critics have discovered a hundred or more words that would today be called technical terms, most of them medical terms, terms of the professions, so to speak. He was a master in literature. He was a man of vision, and he injected into the

literature of the time and saved for Christianity the broad spirit of Paul. I do not mean to undertake to establish these assertions. I am only speaking the commonplaces of the Bible student.

The first thing that strikes us, then, is the anonymity, the nameless character of this great literature. Take the third Gospel and the Book of Acts out of history and what a vacancy! And still the author's name is only inferred. But the fate of the writer is better known than most of the contributors to the deathless literature. It is hard for us to realize what an anonymous book this Bible of ours is. How much of it comes from pens wielded by hands unnamed and undated. The Old Testament in its entirety is an anonymous work, barring certain few exceptions of the great prophets alone. The book of Psalms, Job, the Pentateuch, the historical books of Chronicles and Kings, Ruth, Jonah, Daniel, all of them are works that have survived the name of the author.

The New Testament is no exception. The letters of Paul, and possibly one or two of Peter, are the only authentic autographed contributions in the New Testament. Our Bible is no exception to the bibles of the world. Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Moses, also, left no recorded history of themselves or of their times. Mohammed perhaps stands alone among the seven great teachers of the world of whom it may be safely said we have some words. Even the modern hymn book is no exception. Open the hymn book of any denomination, Protestant or Catholic, and the great hymns of the world are largely anonymous. The most valuable writing in any hymn book, our own included, I suspect, are signed anonymously. The work survives, the name of the worker vanishes. The same is true of art. The deathless things in sculpture are unlabeled. The galleries in Europe are rich in paintings concerning which the master hand is only inferred.

So we stand this morning in the presence of an unknown man,—if you like, an unnamed man. For if it is not Luke it may be one of the others. The claims of Timothy and Titus and the rest of them have been examined. Be that as it may, we stand here in the presence of a great contributor to the world's life, unknown except as he shines through the record. Scholars agree that the writer of the third Gospel and the writer of the Book of Deeds, which we call the "Acts," is the same, and they also agree that both are written in elegant Greek. They are written with more literary competence than any other portion of the New Testament, and they reveal a more intimate acquaintance with the spirit and the message of Paul. So touched is he with the universality of Paul, that in his record in the early pages of the book of "Acts," which is concerned with the church in Jerusalem of which Peter and James were the initial leaders, is given broader interpretations than Peter. We have reason to believe that the "Acts" put Peter in the best light possible in view of the fact that Peter opposed the universalism of Paul; he distrusted the movement that took Christianity out into the world and made it available and accessible to "Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman," rich and poor.

We come in the Book of Acts on what is known by the scholars as the famous "we passages;" three, perhaps four times, the sensitive scribe drops the third person and assumes the first person plural. "We did that," "We do this," "We went next," and these "we" passages reveal a wealth of detail such as the sample I read you this morning. Here is such an acquaintance with biography and narrative, so subtle in personal experiences and personal analysis that their authenticity is almost beyond question. He kept a log-book as they sailed from the port near Philippi down to Corinth. He gives detail of shipwreck and describes his dangerous journey from Cesarea to Rome. But at the time of the riotous Nero the story vanishes, and all that we know of Paul comes to an end and this biographer and personal attendant also disappears. We like to think of him as being necessary to Paul because of his professional attainments, for poor, sick and tired Paul must have often been in need of a physician.

With this glimpse of a man, we pass in search of a lesson on Luke, the skylark of the New Testament. Like the skylark, he soon vanishes from human vision; at best it is but a speck, indescribable and indefinable, but way up there in the blue, out of reach of eye, the song thrills the air, charms the ear, steals into the heart, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Notice the special contribution which Luke has made to the literature of the Christian movement. Out of twenty-three parables we find in the third Gospel, eighteen of them are original and represent the heart of the Jesus message—the Story of the Good Samaritan, the Story of the Prodigal Son, the Mustard Seed, the Great Supper, the Lost Sheep, Dives and Lazarus, the Pharisee and Publican. All these would have been lost to the world,—at least they have been given to the world only through the hands of this scholarly Greek. He, of all the New Testament writers, seems to stand outside the pale of Judasim. It was natural, then, that he should gather up the material from tradition, the records that were lost, from conversation and oral investigation, for there were still living those who might have said "I saw!" though he could not have known many who had seen the Master and walked along the shores of Galilee with him.

The church has a tradition that Luke was an artist. The Old Masters loved to paint him with the implements of painting near. The old church boasted for years the possession of one authentic portrait of Mary by the hand of Luke the artist, a tradition which has more truth than many of the artistic traditions of the world, for truly the book of Luke is full of pictures and the artists of all times, the present included, pour out their genius in an attempt to visualize these pictures which Luke has given us of New Testament men and times, illustrations of the Gospel story. The shepherd carrying on his shoulder the lamb that had wandered away, is one of the earliest and crudest attempts of artists to portray the Master; you will find those sketches on the walls of the Catacombs. Luke was an artist with words. He has left us incomparable pictures that outreach and defy the artist's skill or the sculptor's chisel.

Let me hold Luke at arm's length a little longer. Let him stand for a type of the man who benefits his age by scholarship, of those who have enriched the world with letters. Let him be a type of the man

with a pen and let us set over against him the man with the sword.

Cadmus, the fabled founder of Thebes, is reported to have taken possession of that site and proceeded to slay the dragon. He killed the fierce serpent that was the terror of that vicinity. He destroyed him by fire and scattered the ashes broadcast on the land. But the dragon's teeth sprang up again as armed millions, who delighted themselves by hacking one another to death. Violence brought forth violence, slaughter bred slaughter. But there is another legend that Cadmus brought with him from Phœnicia fifteen letters of the alphabet, to which were added in due time the necessary characters to complete the Greek alphabet. He is, in the Greek mythology, the father of letters. Written speech sprang from Cadmus. The gift of literature came not from the man who slew the dragon, but from these little counters of thought that can be so arranged as to stand for world thought and transmit our feelings. Thus he projects the soul down through history. How rich and beautiful is this contribution of the book as set over against the contribution of the sword.

Old Richard DuBury of the seventeenth century said: "Books are the golden urns in which manna is laid up." Again he calls them "Udders most copiously yielding the milk of life."

Channing said:

"Books make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages; books are the true levelers."

Emerson says:

"Books become the organic culture of the time. In the highest civilization, the book is still the highest delight."

And more vigorous than any of these comes the nervous sentences of Thomas Carlyle:

"Envy not him whom they call city-builder and inexpressibly pity him whom they name conqueror or city-burner. O thou who art able to write a book, which once in two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, thou art victor over the devil, thou hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, a wonder bringing city of mind, a temple and seminary and prophetic mount whereto all kindreds of the earth will pilgrim."

Carlyle's rhetoric is not extravagant. The words of men, the inscriptions of the scribes have survived the noblest temple ever reared. The Pharaohs caused the mighty tombs to be carved and great pyramids to be built to perpetuate their names. One, perhaps the greatest of them, summoned his poet to inscribe upon the walls of the tomb his achievements, hoping thereby to perpetuate his name. Today we stand between five and six thousand years away from that Pharoah; and the inscription he viewed with pride remains to the credit not of Pharaoh but of the poet Pentaur. Pentaur is remembered with love and admiration, the man with the stylus, while the tyrant, Pharaoh, is commemorated only by his tyranny and witnesseth to the doom of aristocracy, the doom of kings. The book is the string upon which the souls of men are strung and their message transmitted from one century to another.

You have heard from this pulpit the story of the Greek prisoners of war compelled to toil in the quarries of Syracuse on meager rations and terrible, burdensome labor. But when the managers of Syracuse found that some of those Greek prisoners of war, working in the quarries, knew some of the lines of Euripides and could sing the newer songs of Greece, their tasks were lightened and their rations increased.

In these days of terrible, threatened want, of hunger and cold, in the last analysis, the very sufferers who come to our doors asking for bread, need more that food of the soul which comes through the literature of the noble. Many a beggar needs a dose of Dickens more than he needs a loaf of bread, and if Dickens could minister to him, the bread would be forthcoming somehow and somewhen, as the history of the world clearly shows.

So I celebrate the book. I celebrate the nameless writers of books, the noble army who survive only in the message that gives vision. You remember that story from Browning that tells of the clown dressed in goat skin, who plowed all day at Marathon with no other instrument than a plowshare, plowing that day for Greece, and when the work was done at night he disappeared to attend to his flock, and when the grateful people and admiring generals sought to know from the Oracle the name of the clown, who with his plowshare plowed all day for Greece but forgot to leave his name behind him:

"How spake the Oracle? 'Care for no name at all.'
Say but just this: We praise one helpful whom we call
The holder of the plow-share. The great deed
Ne'er grows small."

So the great words survive. Never mind the name of the writer.

The old monks were wont to compile with great skill and sometimes with great art the golden texts that most fitted their need and most inspired them with spiritual fervor and moral power. These little books were carried everywhere with them, as the modern man does his diary that bespeaks his business engagements. And these books they called the *Vade Mecum*, the "go with me." "May they go where I go and stay with me." Let Luke stand for one of the great contributors who have furnished humanity with a Vade Mecum, great texts that never fail, great messages that always inspire. And the legends of Luke become verified in history.

It is said that Gregory the Great was cured of a besetting malady by visiting the alleged portrait of Mother Mary, painted by Luke, and when Rome was beset with a great plague and people were dying in herds, as a last resort the great Pope ordered a procession to move through the city bearing at its head this portrait by Luke, the picture of Mother Mary. According to the story, as the procession moved there was seen rising in front of the column great clouds of poisoned air; the pestilence was rolling away and leaving the city wholesome and clean.

These old legends of sanctity poorly hint at the profound truths of history. It is very true that pestilential air has been lifted from over cities innumerable by the contagion of a noble thought, by the revelation of words, by the discovery of the "Good Physician" of whom Luke may well be the patron saint.

I like that other story of the *Sancta Casa*, the Holy House, or the sacred cottage. The legend runs that in the middle ages, when pagan hands were invading the sanctities of Syria and desecrating the holy places of Jerusalem, that a body of angels came down and picked up the home into which the Christ was born and bore it off to Dalmatia. The astonished people then were amazed in the morning to find this quaint, curious little house built of small red stones of Oriental arch-

itecture, dropped in the night, and when they looked inside, lo! there was a shrine and a statue of Mary carved out of cedar, by Luke. The angels had snatched the holy home and placed it in Dalmatia. The exigencies of the case kept the angels busy. They had to move it several times before they found a place somewhere down there in Italy, where it was left without foundation. The way the authenticity of the house was established by the cardinals who investigated the matter was that they found the foundations that were left in Dalmatia.

The house committee of some ecclesiastical society proposed to make sure and built a stone wall around it, to keep it from falling; but the angels were indignant over the implication that the house could not rest without a foundation and so they moved the new wall out a space, and it remains there today, if you believe several Bulls from Popes.

Never mind the story. It does stand today without any artificial barrier. The bulwark that critics may throw around the name of Luke, the guesswork of the scholars may be trifling and unnecessary, but the internal power of these gospel stories of the Good Samaritan, the parable of the Prodigal Son, the message of the Good Shepherd, survive, and they will stay until the end of time, a redeeming power and a potency in the world.

I glory in these old stories because they open the way for our appreciation of the real power of the intangible, the true potency of those things that deal with love and thought and not with guns and bayonets.

When a minister of the gospel in Chicago, carrying the insignia of the church about him, pleads as he does in one of the morning papers for the organization of battalions and batteries, and summons the whole nation into the field of Mars to be drilled that they may defend the United States, he but imitates those unwise old cardinals that undertook to stay the foundations of the Mary and Luke gospel in the world by clumsy masonry made out of granite, carved out of the side of a hill. If history proves anything it proves the weakness of force and the power of thought.

The best guess we can make is, as I hinted in my sermon on Peter, that poor Paul went down either from weakness or from the fury of the flames kindled by Nero after the great fire. Probably Luke was his companion there. Indeed, Paul wrote and told Timothy, "Luke is the only one with me." Perchance Luke followed his chief and went down under the waves of Nero's persecution. He and Paul were extinguished by one of the great emperors of history, one who at that time could proudly write his name as "Emperor of the World." Where is Nero? Here is dear Luke, safe, enshrined on the indestructible pages of literature, but safer still in the loving hearts of untold millions. Mothers are more vigilant beside the sick bed, fathers are more diligent in the hard, relentless toil that provides for that sick child because the "Good Physician," inspired by the great Planter Paul, gathered all the flowers within reach and gave them a bath of immortality.

It is supposable that the writer of Luke had access to the same material that Mark and Matthew did, but not to the finished product of the present Mark and Matthew. He gathered from the records now lost, from the traditions of those interested in the new movement, perhaps from the testimony of eye witnesses and companions on the march, all of which he fused into a noble narrative. This author selected with a masterly hand. He was one who could write Greek elegantly. He arranged by the power of his own culture, not from the dictation of any angel in the sky, these priceless gems in the literature of the world. These great witnesses to the power of the Nazarene suggest the real forces that cover the triumph of Christianity. Christianity as a fabric of ecclesiasticism, as a product of theologians, as the creation of cardinals and popes and councils and creeds, is being put to severe trial in these days. It is being tried and found wanting. Something has broken down in Europe that has been masking under the name of Christianity for many centuries.

Here in Chicago a bishop of Christianity turns from his Luke and his Bible to plead for a great military machine in the United States, that will discipline a million men in the arts of destruction. Over and against that I put these eighteen parables in Luke, the tender loyalties of the Good Physician, who wrote the "we" passages in the Book of Acts, who could say "we" with Paul in his dire extremity, could say "we" with Paul when he was scourged with whips, imprisoned and shipwrecked.

If we have the name we know nothing else about him except that Paul once called him the "good physician." Just two words! Once more he wrote: "Luke alone is with me." If we question the authorship of all the rest, here are the "we" passages, indicating a companionship of Paul, and he stands as a type of those who work in the world so well that their names have been neglected. It is only the poetaster who is always anxious to scratch his name under his verses. The poor artist is ever anxious to have his name put in perfectly clear type; the great artist, like Angelo, does not stop for footnotes, postscript and autograph. The great things of the world have come down to us on the mighty stream that is too large to be confined by any name. Way back there in a log schoolhouse in Wisconsin we were taught to say, with fitting gestures, "The great mechanical powers are six, heavy weights to be lifted up and large timber to be fixed, the wheel, the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge and the winding screw." Not one of these six great mechanical powers have been patented and not one of them have been invented by any known man. Every one of them reaches back and down to the creative power of the human too far back to discover the name of the inventor. We all come here by the watch and I am going to close today by the watch. But no one can tell you who invented the watch. It was not invented by anybody. It grew out of inventive brains; it was produced out of the potency of mind. So the parables of the world, the great contributions of history, suggest to us that the best thing we can do is to work so well, strike so hard at central things that it may be said of us, the power survives; the name is lost. Let those who come after us say but just this:

> " . . . . We praise one helpful whom we call
> The Holder of the Plow-share. The great deed
> Ne'er grows small."

May the faith that makes faithful, the hope that saves, the love that casts out fear and the peace of God that passeth understanding be and abide with us, forevermore. Amen.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity.

MON.—A cheerful heart is a good medicine.

TUES.—The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity.

WED.—If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

THURS.—He whose spirit is without restraint is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

FRI.—Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

SAT.—Give me neither povety nor riches; feed me with the food that is needful for me.

—*Proverbs.*

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Up through the rocky pastures,
Where the blackberry globes hang low,
A stately dame has come wandering
Back from the long ago—
Back in her sable velvet,
With its showers of ancient lace,
In its pearls and curls and ribbons
That mock her weary face.

What says my Lady Marlborough
As the Queen goes here and there?
Is not dame Abigal angry?
(She has those robes to wear.)
White as the bloom of the berry,
Fine as the cobweb's trace.
Scattered on thorn and bramble
Glistens our Queen Anne's lace.

Far and wide o'er the meadow
It shines where the sunbeams fall,
It waves where the brooklet ripples,
It droops by the old stone wall;
Wherever the Queen may wander,
Tired of court and crown,
Her way is marked by the lily lace
The briars tear from her gown.

—*Georgia Benedict.*

In "Cornell Era."

Some Curious Facts About the Spider Family

Jack Wilson and Morris Brown were spending a week in the country with friends, and during a long stroll on a fine autumn morning Jack exclaimed with a litle shudder: "There is an ugly spider on your coat, Morris. Wait and I'll brush it off," as he raised his umbrella for that purpose, but Morris caught it, saying: "Don't, Jack, I want to look at that spider. See what a beautiful creature it is!"

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Jack in a tone of mingled surprise and contempt. "How can you say so, Morris Brown? I do not wonder at your devotion to butterflies and moths. I admire them myself and I can excuse your fondness of beetles, but your admiration for a spider is beyond my comprehension. Ugh! it fairly makes the cold shudders run over my back to see you handling that."

"Never mind, old fellow. I used to feel as you do about them until I visited Uncle John two years ago and heard him tell of their interesting habits and read about them in some of his books on Entomology. Since then, I have taken great pleasure in studying them and examining their curious webs and nets. Look closely at this spider and see how beautifully she is colored. Like all members of the spider family, her body is divided into two regions—a cephalothorax or head-thorax and an abdomen, and she also has eight eyes and eight legs. She is one of the most beautifully dressed of the spider family, her head-thorax being robed in silver grey, her abdomen beautifully marked with black and yellow and brown, and her legs, dark orange ringed with brown and black."

After a few moments of close scrutiny Jack exclaimed: "It is not so very ugly after all. Are spiders insects?" he inquired abruptly.

"They are related to them and their scientific name is *Aracnida,*" his friend made answer. "They belong to that branch of animals called the *Arthropoda,* which includes the crayfishes, the centipedes, the insects and the spiders, the last being placed in a class called the *Aracnida,* a name derived from the Greek word for spider. This specimen is sometimes called the large meadow spider, but the technical name is *Argiope riparia.*

"Did you know that here in America there are between six and eight hundred species of spiders? Here in these weeds is the web of our spider."

Kneeling on the ground before it, Morris spread a black note-book behind it to form a background.

"How beautiful it really it," exclaimed his friend. "I cannot remember of ever seeing one like it before. It is a veritable work of art."

"Uncle told me how the spider spins its web, but I have forgotten many of the details. She first lays out an irregular polygon of lines which form the framework of the wheel-shaped web. She then fills in the radii or spokes. Then she begins near the center and spins a long thread, moving around the net toward the framework. When she reaches it she reverses her movement, thus carrying her line round and round toward the center. This last line is covered with sticky beads, which hold captive the numerous insects which fly against it."

"Do all spiders spin their webs in a similar manner?" inquired Jack, his interest in the spider family growing.

"All spiders that belong to the group known as geometrical spiders do. Our common house and cellar spiders weave irregular webs. Many do not weave webs or nets at all. Some lie in ambuscade for their prey and sometimes run after it a short distance. They have been called vagrants. Others that are constantly running about seizing their prey by open violence are called hunters. Still others capture their food in the water and these are called swimmers."

The boys resumed their walk when Morris stooping down exclaimed: "Oh! Jack, look at this cunning little tower!" It was a tiny structure fashioned from bits of grass, straw and stalks of weeds, intermingled with particles of earth, and lined with a silken web. It was not more than two inches in height and encircled an opening in the ground an inch in diameter and which sunk down out of sight.

"How glad I am that I happened to have this bit of cotton and a knife in my pocket," remarked Morris. "I'm going to preserve this little tower for my cabi-

net." He filled the little turret with a tuft of cotton to keep it from breaking when handled and carefully loosened it from the ground.

"Who made this cunning little nest?" inquired Jack.

"A turret spider dug the hole which extends downward about ten inches and she then built this little turret around it. She is a large spider with a body about an inch in length and she has long legs."

"What is the object of this cave-nest?"

"It protects the spider from her enemies and the turret serves as a watch-tower. She often crouches on the summit and watches for grasshoppers and other insects which form her prey. If any approaching object alarms her, she quickly retreats to her cavern home. She carries her eggs about with her in a sac about as large as a grape. The sac is lashed to her body and contains a hundred or more eggs. When the eggs are hatched, the tiny baby spiders climb on the mother's back and head and live there until they are three or four weeks old. During this period the mother presents the appearance of a horrible, hairy nondescript monster. At the expiration of the four weeks these small creatures find homes for a time on the trees, shrubs and weeds. When old enough, they, too, dig caves and build turrets for themselves."

"You did not tell me anything about the young of the meadow spider," Jack remarked as they resumed their walk.

Morris paused with an exclamation of pleasure as he pointed to a small pear-shaped object that hung among the grasses at their feet. "That," he said, "is the egg-sac, or, as it is sometimes called, the cocoon of the meadow spider. The outside of the cocoon is tough and glazed. Not a particle of rain or snow can enter it. The inside is soft and silken and contains several hundred eggs. It will remain here all winter and next spring the young spiders will hatch and immediately begin life for themselves. Spiders do not pass through the transformations that the higher orders of insects do. You perhaps know there are some that begin life as grubs and after a while change into pupae and finally become beetles. Others begin as caterpillars and end their existence as beautiful butterflies. But a spider is a spider from the beginning to the end of its days. However, it does change its coat several times before it attains its growth. Really, my spider friends seem to be exerting themselves for your especial benefit today. Look at this fence and see these curious little spiders with long silken filaments attached to their bodies. They are known as the ballooning or flying spiders."

While the boys were intently gazing at them, the little creatures began to rise in the air and soon after disappeared from sight.

"Who ever heard of flying spiders before?" laughed Jack.

"These gossamer threads which they spin enable them to fly," replied his friend. "They are so buoyant that they overcome the weight of the spider and enable it to rise and float upon the breeze. By gradually drawing in the floating threads until they are gathered into a tiny pellet they are enabled to descend. Sometimes a spider builds a bridge across a stream. She takes her station on a leaf or twig and emits a long thread which the wind carries across and entangles on some object on the opposite bank. The spider then draws her thread tight and runs across it, spinning another thread as she travels, which unites with the first and strengthens it. She makes several trips back and forth, adding a new cord each time, until she is sure her cable is strong enough to serve her purpose. A second foundation cable is then stretched in a similar way and the skillful little architect weaves her web between the two. The water-spider spins a cell or nest about the size of an acorn, which attaches itself to the water plants underneath the surface of the water. When first woven the nest is simply a flat empty sac with the mouth downward. The spider goes to the surface and obtains a small quantity of air, which she carries to her nest. She continues doing this until the cell is filled with air. It then serves as her living-room, nursery and dining-room. She spins within it a tiny cocoon from which a hundred spiders emerge to spend their infancy in this cunning little home. The spider is a true philanthropist, being without reservation a friend to our race, destroying millions of noxious insects and requiring from us no compensations for her labor."

"Well, well, here we are at home and no doubt you are tired of my long dissertation on spiderology," laughed Morris.

"Far from it, I have had a most profitable morning and shall never again see a spider without remembering how wise, skillful and industrious the little creatures really are."

Birds and Nature. *Carrie May Ashton.*

WHEN OLD AGE COMES

If God grant me old age
  I would see some things finished; some outworn;
  Some stone prepared for builders yet unborn.
Nor would I be the sated, weary sage
  Who sees no strange new wonder in each morn.
And with me there on what men call the shelf
  Crowd memories from which I cull the best,—
  And live old strifes, old kisses, some old jest;
For if I be no burden to myself
  I shall be less a burden to the rest.

If God grant you old age,
  I'll love the record writ in whitened hair,
  I'll read each wrinkle wrought by patient care,
As oft as one would scan a treasured page,
  Knowing by heart each sentence graven there.
I'd have you know life's evil and life's good,
  And gaze out calmly, sweetly on it all—
  Serene with hope, whatever may befall;
As though a love-strong spirit ever stood
  With arm about you, waiting any call.

If God grant us old age,
  I'd have us very lenient toward our kind,
  Letting our waning senses first grow blind
Toward sins that youthful zealots can engage,
  While we hug closer all the good we find.
I'd have us worldly foolish, heaven wise,
  Each lending each frail succor to withstand,
  Ungrudging, ev'ry mortal day's demand;
While fear-fed lovers gaze in our old eyes,
  And go forth bold and glad and hand in hand.

Harper's Magazine. —*Burges Johnson.*

DEATH

O Death, to my Divinest Lord
  Thou art the door!
Thou art the opening of the eyes
  Long closed before.
Thou art the lifting of the lids
  On Light forevermore.

—*Mary C. Bishop.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

I

"Mine Host" of one of the most attractive hotels of the beautiful Wisconsin lake region sat on his spacious porch crowded with comfortable, but unoccupied wicker chairs, overlooking one of the most charming lakes in the country.

The big house was so quiet that it suggested winter bareness and cold instead of the superb July day that reigned outside, and as a big automobile whizzed past on the dusty road it furnished the old gentleman a text for the complaint which seems to be general at all the "summer resort" regions of the Middle West, at least.

"No, it isn't the war, nor the hard times that are leaving our rooms empty, and it isn't because their city homes are more comfortable than anything folks find out in the country. It's the automobile,—that's what's the matter! Just a few years ago our guests were tumbling over each other to make sure of securing rooms for the next season, and they would bring their families as soon as school was out and stay and have a sensible, quiet, healthy summer until school called the youngsters back looking like tough, well-fed little Indians. Now those same families come whirling up in a big auto all covered with dust, and they stay just long enough to eat dinner or perhaps over night, and they talk all the time about how many miles they have run this morning and how much better a record they're bound to make this afternoon, and then they are off with a rush, and so I sit on my porch and watch my old boarders wave their hands at me as they go by."

But Tower Hill is different. Yes, Tower Hill differs from any other summer outing place, though, of course, the automobile enthusiasm touches us as the others. Many friends who have spent happy months on the Hill and hope to do so again, are "burning up the boulevards" and highways somewhere between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. But Tower Hill does not appeal to transitory birds of passage. Its attraction is the lure of the long leisurely hours of quiet fitting into the life of the woods, of the birds and of the steadfast stars; plenty of time to sleep, to read, to walk and to find one's self, after the bewildering life of the big cities. There is a sense of permanency, of settling down to stay awhile, which greatly helps in the process of fitting into the beneficent forces, natural and social, which surround the newcomer here.

As to the place itself, why, every summer we say that Tower Hill is more beautiful than ever and every summer this is perfectly true. Nature, with a very little assistance, has full sway the year round and does her best.

This year, thanks to the calendar, the Sunday sanctity and saneness went into our Fourth of July celebration. The heavy rain of the morning put the last touch of greenness upon the hills and woods.

For several hours about noontime, floating over the hills from the beautiful Hillside valley where the Joneses from time immemorial have held notable family picnics, came happy echoes of the most notable family gathering in many years. They were there in full force; over thirty of them—counting the later attachments—celebrated the joyful homecoming of the dear, old "Brother Jenk" and the dear, new "Sister Edith," who has been so long and so well beloved in the Valley as Mrs. Lackersteen. A mutual friend who had been fortunate enough to have been present at the wedding ceremony of these two, and even to have caught the words of the presiding minister, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, gave a word picture of that interesting event to these relatives who had been unable to be present and read a few out of the many hundred letters and telegrams received from all over the country and signed by names, many of them long familiar to the readers of UNITY.

Then in the evening everybody on the Hill was invited to spend the sunset hour at Westhope, the Jones' cottage. It was cool enough to make the big open fire attractive. Mr. Jones read a poem that set the youngsters mimicking, "Charcoal; charcoal! who'll buy my charcoal?" Then he gave us Percy Mackaye's splendid poem "Goethals." The man who went down to Panama

To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide.

Also Shauffler's "The Scum of the Earth," finishing with something especially appropriate to the day, with Emerson's "Concord Hymn" and some bits from Whitman, including his "Captain, My Captain." We all sang "America" and "The Star Spangled Banner" with the "White Bordered" refrain, and admired the twinkling sparklers sent from Minneapolis to our youngest celebrators. Then we went home, the soft glow of the late sunset about us, and in our ears and hearts the words of the tender benediction and the cheery good-nights of our gracious hostess and host.

The season is on at Tower Hill. The ice house is full, the garden is coming on finely, the cows and the pigs and the chickens are flourishing under the ministrations of our good farmer, Caspar, who is growing corn and clover and alfalfa where sand burrs formerly occupied the land; the summer school will open July 18, the Tower Hill Congress will meet here August 13-15, the whip-poor-will can be counted on at the stroke of the clock every evening, the mosquitoes are so few and far between that we have almost forgotten how they look and sound, and the Tower Hill postoffice is working on schedule, two mails a day. A. L. K.

Tower Hill, July 7, 1915.

MILKWEED

Small spinner of the fields,
Where are thy fairy reels?
Thy busy spindles fine,
To mesh this silken twine?

I know thy distaff green,
Fretting the satin sheen
Of thread more delicate
Than wrought Ulysses' mate.

The laces from thy loom,
This poor and common bloom,
Would deck Titania's trail,
Or Queen Mab's bridal veil.

Thou art all fantasy,
Like some fond poet—he
Who from his heart untwines
The stuff of mazy rhymes.

Winged his songs shall go
The wide world to and fro,
As thou dost wing thy seeds
Out of thy being's needs.

At nature's still behest,
Is spun thy downy breast,
To thin and silky sails
That catch the autumn gales.

And through the air I see
Thy little colony
Voyaging in azure space
To magnify thy race.

But canst thou ever guess
The need of toil and stress,
Why thou the live-long day
Shouldst spin thy heart away?

Nay, instinct blind and slow,
That way the sap doth go,
By some mysterious path
In thee hath turned to faith.
—*Augusta Larned.*
"Woods and Fields."

"IS THIS THE LONG LOST PASSAGE?"

Mr. Glen Buck sends us the following interesting find. It is almost sure to be the original of that "mouse trap" so long hunted for. If anybody can furnish the connection between this located child of the brain and the still unlocated wanderer, we will be glad to report the same.

DEAR UNITY:

On page 528 of the eighth volume of "Emerson's Journals" you will find this:

"I trust a good deal to common fame, as we all must. If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pig, to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs, than anybody else, you will find a broad hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods."

On the first reading the footnote had escaped me. Its inference seems plausible. If you will refer back to the *Literary Digest* of May 15 you will find that "The Lexicographer's Easy Chair" has some interesting things to say about this quotation—but I hardly think its conclusions are sound. The thought is certainly Emerson's, if the exact words are not.

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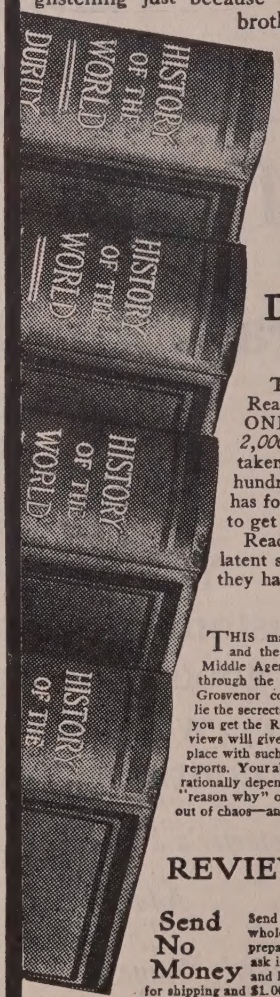

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